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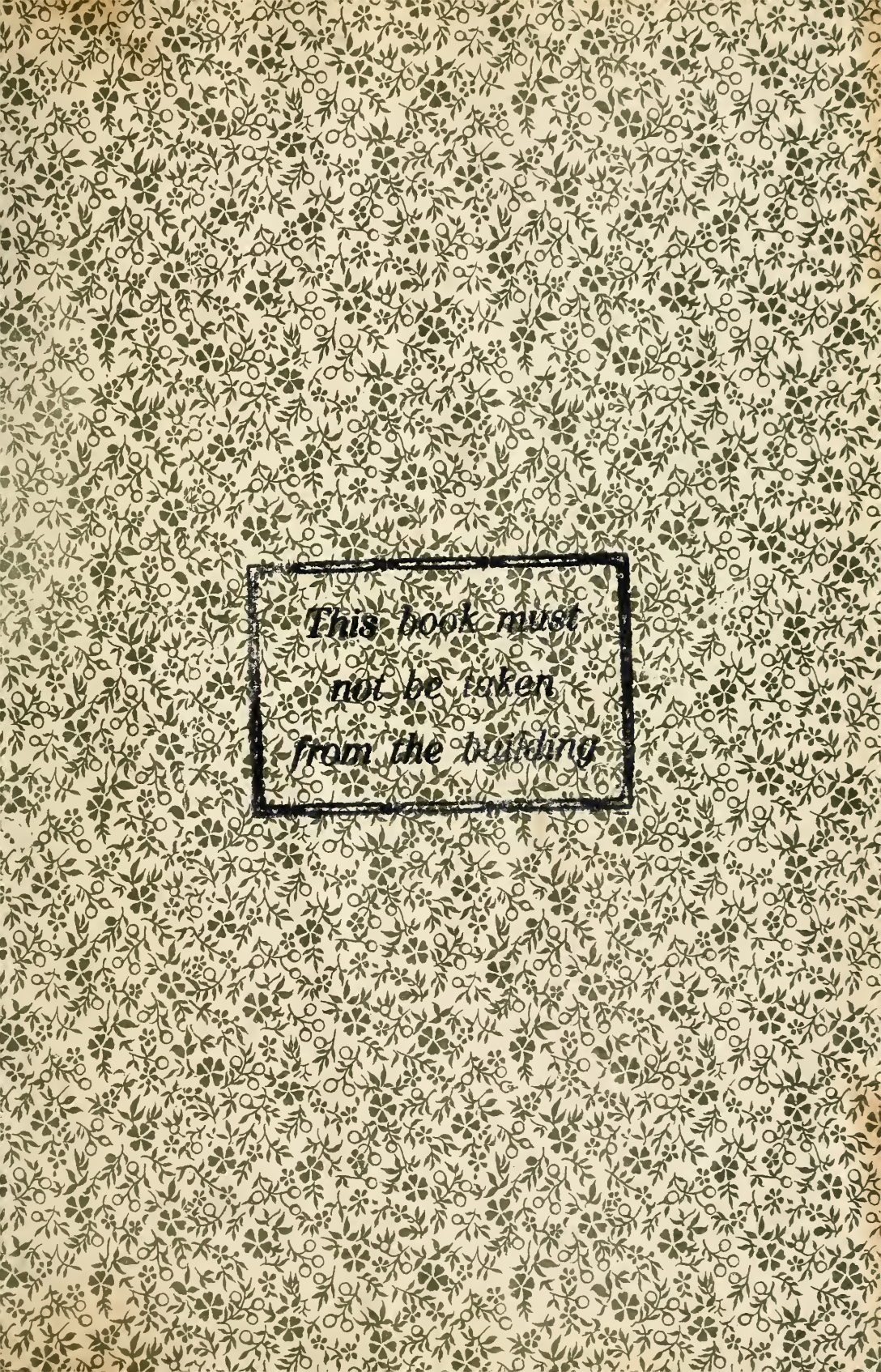


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THE
NORTH CAROLINA COLLEGE
FOR WOMEN
GREENSBORO,
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State Normal Magazine

Vol. 23

October 1918 — June 1919

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KATHRYN WILLIS



MARJORIE CRAIG



MARGARET LAWRENCE



EDITH RUSSELL



HILDA LOFTIN



MARIOTTE CREDLE



IDA GORDNER



LOIS WILSON



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

Published every month, October to June, by a Board of Editors elected from the Adelpian, Cornelian and Dikean Literary Societies.

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VOL. XXIII

OCTOBER, 1918

No. 1

While our farmerettes have been hoe-
ing on the College
THE farm, and ten summer
SECOND LINE school students mow-
ing the lawn all summer, many other
Normal students have been doing
patriotic work in their own communi-
ties. There is hardly any service a
woman can do to help win the
war that our girls have not done dur-
ing their vacation. A great number
refrained from all cold drinks, dis-
tributed Food Administration recipes,
did Red Cross work, and assisted in
food conservation. A few had unique
experiences in their efforts to help
in the war work. One girl lived in a
town where the majority of residents
were German. The W. S. S. Drive in
that particular section looked almost
hopeless. Nevertheless, this girl
worked so hard that, mainly thru her
influence, the little town went grandly
"over the top." One of our students
drove a truck and another drove a
farm wagon and an automobile, re-
leasing the men who had been the
drivers. Two other girls took the
places of men in a bank and in an

office. Child welfare was the main
interest of another Normal girl. Be-
sides canning and doing Red Cross
work, she formed an eight-weeks
club for playground work, and visited
the children's Home, aiding in im-
provements there. One of last year's
graduates took up the work of a hired
man at her home, mowing the lawn
and keeping the yard in order. She
also canned fruit and vegetables, held
entertainments for the benefit of the
Red Cross, and helped in farm work
during the "pinch" for laborers.
Another of these eager volunteers
found her opportunity in taking care
of the two motherless children in
order to permit their father to devote
all his time to the raising of his crops.
It was no small task that this girl
undertook. One of the children had
a broken leg, and the other was a
delicate infant, requiring the most
careful attention. A member of the
class of '18 spent most of her time
distributing recipes to farmer's wives
and demonstrating the use of food
substitutes. She succeeded also in
interesting many of them in knitting

15467

for the soldiers. Some of her classmates are in charge of Food Conservation, the Junior Red Cross, and other patriotic organizations in their communities. A few of our girls were food demonstration agents and several more were assistant agents. Still others did volunteer stenographic work for the county food administrators. Perhaps the greatest amount of patriotic work was done by one of last years' Freshmen, who, assisted by her mother and two sisters, took charge of a large farm and did all the work from preparing the ground to reaping and disposing of the crop. In food conservation, this family went almost to the limit; they used scarcely any wheat, meat, sugar, or butter; preserved and dried quantities of fruit, and bought War Saving Stamps with the returns from the sale of the fruit.

All of these girls, who, before the war, would never have dreamed of accomplishing such things, are now enthusiastically and efficiently serving their country in her hour of need.

M. N. B., '21.

"Dear little hut
By the rice fields circled,
Cocoanut palms above.
I hear the voices of
Children singing—
That means love, means love."

If our best-selves would permit us to paraphrase so lovingly a little song, we might, through the simple process of supplanting, create another one, a local song whose appeal to Normal hearts would set the least songful of them a-singing. Our campus encircles it, oak trees and pines wave above it, college girls, nailing it, painting it, building it, sing in and

out and 'round about it—our "Dear little hut."

Because of the happiest of happy ideas of the college Y. W. C. A., "the hut" began its growth about two weeks prior to the opening of college. "Overalls" transformed those six or eight girls who came back then into *carpenterettes*; and these alone, preliminary to the work of actual building, cleared of its trees the hut spot in the edge of the park. So when the other Normalites arrived, the hut itself, under workmanship of the girls and two or three *Carpenters*, had well-nigh attained mature height and breadth.

Its woods-brown exterior, its four brick chimneys, and its pillow-piled window seats, foretell hours of genuine comfort. A place to meet and play and rest it is, and as such it fulfills a some twenty-five-years-long need of the college. Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, Freshmen, Specials—all, may find in the hut a common home.

"And that means love, means love."

E. E. '19

Time is a priceless possession—an endless chain of years, months, weeks, days, hours and minutes—
THE LIVING INSTANT
the one possession that belongs to every one of us in just the same proportion. When we come to college, we have our first opportunity to make real use of this possession. If we are to obtain the most out of college life we must reach out in more than one direction. Our association with the students, our interest in collegiate activities is of just as much importance as the acquisition of knowledge. To be able to reach out in these several directions, we must early learn how to use our time wisely and well.

Yet it takes many of our new girls a long time to learn this. Daily we hear exclamations of lack of time to do this or that thing; lessons are ridiculously long and difficult; programs unusually full, and consequently no time for anything. If we would think that the time spent complaining about lack of time could be used to a much better advantage, we would accomplish more. The time spent idly in the post office, and halls and in trips during recitation hours from dormitory rooms to class rooms is absolutely thrown away.

Instead of complaining about lack of time, let us complain about the abuse of time, always at our command. We need only to learn to use it well. Let us stop loitering around with nothing to do. We have so much to accomplish in the course of a term that it behooves us to put every vacant period to some good use. To the new girls we would say, make out a program of study periods and *follow* that program. Right at the beginning of this term let us learn to use and not to abuse time, and we should have plenty of time for study as well as for collegiate activities.

For years the thinking world has realized that the teaching profession should be lifted to a level that will command for it the full respect of each community, and attract to its ranks men and women of the first order. To attain this ideal, members of our faculty have devoted several years to the inspection and study of the curricula of the representative colleges of the United States. After much thought and careful planning, the curriculum committee has

adopted a plan, similar to that obtained in many northern universities, which all of us think will start us well along the way to making our graduates, in some degree, masters of the subjects which they desire to teach.

Heretofore, the college has offered five separate courses, each leading to a bachelor's degree. Under our former plan, the difficulty and confusion necessarily attending the addition of new courses to our curriculum made the change to more standardized and specialized courses practically imperative. Hence the curriculum committee decided to group the various departments of our curriculum into the four divisions of Language and Literature; History, Education, and Social Sciences; Mathematics and Natural Sciences; and Applied Arts and Sciences. According to this arrangement, a graduate of our college, who has completed a four year's course with her major subjects selected from any department under either of the first three groups is entitled to the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Those desiring a more highly specialized course, such as that of nursing or Home Economics, select their major subject from the fourth division, and four years of college work along this line will lead to the degree of Bachelor of Science. Under this more standardized method, new and highly specialized courses in the new scientific occupations opening for women today may easily be added to the Division of Applied Arts and Sciences, and the Bachelor of Science degree granted for a four years' course along such lines. Indeed, it is their standardizing effect on our work, that constitutes the chief virtue of the new courses.

At the present time, when the need

for every resource of the nation is imperative to the causes of winning the war and fully preparing for the reconstruction days to follow, North Carolina should feel particularly proud that she has at the head of her woman's college men and women gifted with the foresight and ideals that enable them to realize the true educational needs of the young women of our state. A worthy task has been accomplished and our college is now much nearer its rightful level in the family of American colleges. Our hearty thanks and best efforts are extended to our faculty in appreciation of their work.

Athletics! What would our college life be without its games and sports?

Somewhere in the field of Athletics there is a place waiting for every girl, old and new and its up to you to find and fill it. The Athletic Association needs you and your best efforts and you need the good times and recreations the association has in store for you. We get on the athletic field something of the same training that our brothers and friends are getting in the training camps. There we learn lessons of self-control and loyalty,

and experience the thrill that comes from team work.

Don't wait three or four weeks to get started on your athletic career; begin now on tennis; and later on when your class needs you for its hockey team, go out for the first practice and get right into the swing of things. Bring your best and help send athletics over the top to meet the demands of our new college.

K. G. S., '19.

To the ever increasing store of welcomes that has been

WELCOME accorded our new girls of 1922 and our Spec-

ials that have come to us this year, the Magazine wishes to add a sincere and hearty one of its own. To every phase of college life we welcome you. We wish for you abundant and lasting joy in your class room work, in the work you do for your class, your college, and your society. We invite you to enter whole-heartedly into what is good on our Campus and to make it better; and as you find your place in our community and make its interests your own, begin to write for your Magazine and make for yourself a place in its pages also.



Surety

EOLINE EVERETT, '19, CORNELIAN

My little moon-light window's dark tonight—
So dark that had I not looked often there
On other nights to see its blessed glow,
I fear me that I now would scarcely know
Whither to gaze.

And yet, I do not fret for light, more light,
Nor from my soul outpour a whimsic prayer;
For I believe the moon's still in the sky—
That sometime prison clouds will have gone by
Freeing her rays.
Then will my moon-light window shine again,
And I shall look until I sleep again.

Tonight the windows of my little world
Shines not as once upon a time it shone—
For lights of joy burn flickering-low for me
Since you went eastward o'er a blood-frothed sea
To fight in France.

And yet, I do not fret that war has hurled
His vengeance where white, winged Peace alone
Was harbored long—that you were one whom
For 'mid all, there comes to me
A prayer-born trance.

Then can I see joy consummate again:
Democracy, and Peace, and you again!



State Normal Magazine

VOL. 23

GREENSBORO, N. C., OCTOBER, 1918

No. 1

A Perfect Lady

LUCY GAY COOKE, '19, CORNELIAN

Robert, to quote his mother's friends was an "awfully sweet little boy." "But what a perfectly darling little girl he would make," they would coo and sigh.

"Bertie will have to be my little daughter," his mother would answer, caressing his curls. Indeed, everything that mortal could do to make him into "a perfectly darling little girl," she did. Nature had given her splendid material—silky brown curls, soft dark eyes that gleamed shyly under lashes that curled over a delicately tinted cheek, a cupid's bow mouth that any girl would envy. Yes, Robert was splendid material for "a perfectly darling little girl."

Fate also played into her hands at the death of my dear brother, her husband. Tho she was devoted to him and was left a semi-invalid by the shock of his death, it left Robert in her hands alone. Her husband had laughed good-naturedly at her attempt to effeminate her son, but had been determined that his child should be a regular boy.

Robert was about four when his father died. His mother kept him in Buster Brown suits and curls. No tin soldiers or other masculine toys were allowed in his nursery. Instead

he had a large family of dolls. He was not allowed to associate with "bad little boys." His mother occasionally took him to see some nice little girls and he played paper dolls or had tea parties. He had his regular beat on the side walk in front of his house. That far and no farther could he go unaccompanied by his mother or his nurse. He would ride up and down on his tricycle (the tricycle being a compromise) and wistfully watch the little boys across the street. For a while he begged his mother to let him play with them. Then one day they noticed him and teased him about his curls. From that time on the tricycle lost its attraction.

When he was seven, his mother brought him to see me at my house in the country. I had often remonstrated with my sister-in-law for making the boy into a "sissy," but being a spinster, myself, my advice had no weight. Besides, there were too many aunts on the mother's side that shared her opinion.

Knowing my views, she experienced some difficulty in finally deciding to visit me. Probably she thought she already had him out of danger of contamination.

"Are there any nice little girls

around here that Bertie can play with?" she asked me the first afternoon she was there. I told her that there was only one little girl in the neighborhood, but a number of little boys.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I would not have him associate with rough boys for anything in the world! But he may play with the little girl if he chooses—that is if she is a nice little girl."

Knowing Harriet Carlton, I smiled; but knowing my dear sister-in-law, also, I kept silent, only assuring her that Harriet's family was of the best and that she was indeed nice.

When my sister-in-law was safely asleep I took my nephew out to introduce him to the "nice little girl." It was with a sort of grim humor that I did so, not unmixed with apprehension. The Carlton's summer home was on the adjoining estate and I found Harry, for by that name was she called, up in a tree near the hedge that separated us. I am sorely afraid that my dear sister would have experienced something of a shock to see the nice little girl and would have hurried her darling to shelter. The slim little figure, in not too immaculate rompers, her bobbed hair in her eyes, was not, I fear, the companion she would have chosen for him.

"Harry," I said, "this is my little nephew, Robert. I want you to make him have a nice time while he is here. And if you will come over to my house after a while I will have Jane make you some cookies," I added by way of bribery; and made a hasty retreat as far as the summer house from which I watched my experiments.

"Can you climb a tree?" I heard her ask him in her high treble, after staring at him a few moments.

"No," he answered in his softly modulated voice, somewhat crestfallen. "But I can play paper dolls," he added hopefully.

"Huh, I don't like paper dolls"—by that time I was out of hearing. Harry was evidently initiating him; for I saw him taking off his shoes and socks and saw her help him into the tree.

When I rescued him—ye gods and little fishes! Had his mother seen him she would surely have had convulsions. I had his nurse change his attire before she awaked.

After this, strange and startling things happened and peace of mind departed from my existence. I impressed it upon Bobbie that we must not disturb his mother with any of his escapades and, by some kindly disposed fate, she lived in blissful unconsciousness of the masculine accomplishments Harry was rapidly teaching him. I think that the awe with which he regarded Harry flattered her—and then, too, as my groom said, Bobbie was a game little fellow.

But such a state of affairs was not to last. The climax was terrible and unexpected. The Huntingtons came to their summer home and Thomas Huntington appeared on the scene. He was somewhat older than Harry and Bobbie, and was rather insulted to find that Bobbie had usurped his place in Harriet's favor. There ensued a terrible scene in which Bobbie and Tom had a fight, and in which Bobbie, thanks to Harry's training, by no means discredited himself.

After that Tom accepted all but the curls. On that point however he was adamant. Harry suggested a compromise and, getting her mother's scissors, cut them off. My sister-in-

law went into hysterics and took Robert back to the city. I don't think she has ever forgiven me; but the work was done. Bobbie refused to let the curls grow again and demanded real boy's clothes and toys.

His mother did all she could to remedy the evil. He grew from a pretty child into a graceful boy. She had the governess of the two little Kingsley girls to teach him. He took music, dancing, French, and other such lady-like accomplishments. Finally he went to college. Tho her heart failed her here since his father's will had provided that he go and he himself demanded it, she sent him to what she considered the best institution of learning in the country. Thomas Huntington went to the same place.

There Robert came in for more disillusionment. His training had its effect in making him something of an oddity and he underwent more teasing. He took it all good-naturedly and made himself popular by taking the feminine roles in the university dramatics. I often went to see him and was his confidante. Having been something of a tom-boy myself, and a tom-boy ahead of my day, I think I can understand as possibly no one else can how his heart yearned after football and other manly sports when he must needs dress up as a "perfect lady" and parade in a stupid, sentimental play. "A perfect lady"—that was the title his immaculate attire and Chesterfieldian demeanor earned for him. It was Tom Huntington who first called him Gertrude and by that name or "Milady," he went as long as he was at college.

He often saw Harriet Carlton in those days, sometimes when he visited me and sometimes when she came up

to the university with me for the dances. Tom Huntington was still a rival but Harry was very fond of Bob and regarded him as her special property.

The summer after he graduated he was at my home. I remember the afternoon as vividly as I do anything in the world. He and Harry had been playing a match of tennis and came to the summer house to cool. It is strange how as small a thing as a careless word will touch a sore spot and cause it to fester into a wound that heals only after a long time—possibly never. Bob had been in earnest but Harry was young, not very serious minded, full of the joy of living, and with her life before her. She had no idea of the wound she inflicted, but, knowing Bob, I knew that her words cut him like a knife.

"I am awfully fond of you, Bobbie," she had laughed, "but you are too much of a perfect lady for me."

Bob turned very white and left her abruptly. Harry stared after him in amazement.

"Well of all queer things!" she exclaimed. Then catching sight of me, "What have I done, Miss Weston?"

"You have hurt him terribly, Harry. Go ask him to forgive you," I pleaded.

"Well, if he wants to get huffed at a little thing like that—"

"But you do not understand—"

"Well I understand this much. He is rather uncivil to stalk off that way and I don't care if I did say it. He is too much of a perfect lady, so there!" and, somewhat inconsistently, she too departed angrily.

Bob left the next day. He told me that he was going to try to get his mother to consent to his going to work. He succeeded to a certain ex-

tent for she agreed to permit him to teach French in a boys' school. Harriet, having graduated, took a course in journalism.

Meanwhile, one man's grasping greed had turned the world upside down. Gradually most of us recovered from our ardent pacifism. When the *Lusitania* was sunk Robert pleaded with his mother to let him enlist, but he might as well have begged the Kaiser to stop the war. She told him that it would surely kill her. Indeed, the bare mention of it made her ill for weeks. He compromised by going as a Y. M. C. A. interpreter. He and Harriet had not spoken since their quarrel. I casually mentioned to her his work in France. She expressed contempt that an able-bodied man should be satisfied with work so effeminate. Tom was at Plattsburg and it was rumored that he and Harriet were engaged. She herself was officer in dozens of war work and relief organizations. Later, she was sent to the front by one of them to get the "absolute facts in the case." Here her training in journalism did her good service.

When war was declared, Bob came home and registered. He was taken in the first draft with no possible claim for exemption. To console his mother he enlisted in the ambulance corps. After all, it was more lady-like to care for the wounded than to bayonet Huns, tho Heaven only knows how he yearned for a gun and sword.

I visited him in camp. His mother had assuredly not raised her boy to be a soldier. It was the same old story of college life. The name "Gertrude"

somehow reached camp and by that name he was called. Possibly it was because of his cheerful performance of kitchen police duty—possibly on account of his dimples or cupid's bow mouth—most likely because of his gentle manners.

"Why is it, Aunt Nellie?" he asked me. "Is it because I do not eat with my knife or swear and get drunk? I make allowances for those who do. But is it necessary that I do it myself in order not to be a 'sissy?'"

The pathos of it almost made me weep. I knew in my heart that there was not one of them more manly or braver.

Months passed and his company was sent across. Letters came telling of experiences in France—of nights in the trenches—of trench, vermin and rats that ran across one's face in the darkness—of solitary journeys into No Man's land to rescue men wounded with wounds too horrible to describe, while the flares of the enemy silhouetted one against the sky, a target for hostile "snipers"—of comrades in action—and then I knew that he was being taken for what he was worth.

Then there came a hospital notice and days of waiting and anxiety. Later came a letter of hope and the story of a heroic rescue—telling how on one of these journeys of mercy Bob had met an enemy scouting party—of how he had evaded them and, he himself badly wounded, had brought the rescued man to safety. The writer was Harriet and the letter was signed Harriet Weston. She had found him in the hospital.

Soon they came home—Bob's dimple had been replaced by a scar. He had been released as unfit for active service; but both of them intended returning as soon as he should sufficiently recover to do reconstruction work.

"Harry," I asked her when we were alone, not without malice I must ad-

mit, "Do you still consider Bob a perfect lady?"

She hung her head for a moment and then raised it proudly.

"No, Aunt Nellie," she answered, "I have found out that he is a perfect man."

Dishwater Dreams

KATHRYN WILLIS, '21, ADELPHIAN

I am happy and content
When around the world I roam,
Until I see a dish rag
Which makes me think of home
And the spattered spot by the kitchen sink,
Where I three times a day
Washed the dirty dishes—
And dreamed the time away.

Oh, I slung the rag about,
With a swish and then a splash.
And soused the pots and china
With a clatter and a crash.
Yes, I worked hard,
But was paid full well I say
By the fun I had when washing dishes—
And dreaming the time away.

There are queer things in this world,
But the strangest to me, it seems,
Is how that brown soap lather
Made such rosy dreams.
But all the noble things I've felt,
And the worthy things I've done,
Were inspired by those rainbow bubbles,
Each and every one.
And when I grow old
If fame should come my way
I'll advise other to wash dishes—
And dream the time away.

Ideal Lands

JULIA CHERRY, '20, CORNELIAN

They are the dreamers who have led the world thru a tangled wilderness of thought to a place from where it may get a glimpse of a promised land where knowledge, freedom, and happiness hold sway, for they have made people dissatisfied with existing conditions, and have been a guide to higher things. Their mission is two-fold—to point out mistakes and to set forth the right. Individuals and nations must realize and destroy the wrong before they can take a higher step. Before realizing and enjoying their heritage as free men, the English people had first to see the error and then to abolish the idea of “divine right of kings.” When the first men began to criticize this idea and to assert their rights, doubtless they were jeered at as idle dreamers with impractical visions. And perhaps the whole of these visions was not materialized, but these men led an advance in English government, and established ideals on which we today look with pride. A sea-man tossed about by winds and waves looks toward the light-house on the far distant shore, and altho he realizes that he cannot reach the light itself, he follows its rays which guide him into a nearer retreat. Just so, altho the English people have realized that democracy, that ideal kept alive by their dreamers, is yet far distant, they have been led further and further by its single principles. There have been many illuminators whose crystalized visions are a part of our heritage, but

we can see the sign-posts of the progress of the English people by studying the ideal lands as conceived by Bacon, More, Sidney, and Shelley.

Bacon wished to destroy the superficial, impractical ideas of the people by bringing before their eyes a people with high moral ideas, devout, religious character, and investigating minds. The land of these ideals is the “New Atlantis.” Their hospitality and the dignity and purity of their family life show a truer relation between men than was felt in England at the time of Bacon. At the arrival of Bacon and his followers, the inhabitants of the island came forward to find out their needs and to supply them. The prince sends this message: “If you want fresh water or vituals, or help for your sick, or that your ship needeth repairs, write down your wants and you shall have that which belongeth to mercy.” These people are not only kind and generous to strangers but are dignified and pure in their family life. They are all required to live chaste and no polygamy is allowed. Also the inhabitants are not permitted to marry until they are sure that they are in every way united to each other, and capable of bearing the responsibilities of marriage. The “Feast of the Family,” a celebration observed by them annually, shows the deep respect for marriage and family life.

Back of these moral ideals are religious principles. No infidels are admitted into this land, for when Bacon

and his men arrive, they have to give proof that they are Christians before they can land. Even the Jew acknowledges that Christ was born of a virgin, and was more than a mere man. The whole island was converted at one time by the miraculous evangelism of Saint Bartholomew, and none of the inhabitants have ever departed from the faith.

Far more prominent than the moral or religious character, however, is the scientific, investigating quality of their minds. Solomon's house, or the School of Science is not very different from the modern research universities in its purpose—"to have the knowledge of causes,^f and secret notions of things and the enlarging of the bounds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible. "Also its many preparations might easily belong to the experiment stations and reserved laboratories of the day—"large orchards and gardens where budding and grafting might be done; inclosures of beasts and birds for dissections and trials; places for distillations and separations of plants used for drugs; places for optical experiments; and round houses. This house is Bacon's heaven. He believed that material science would convert the world into a perfect home.

But More's dream is of a perfect government. In his "Utopia" the people are governed by socialistic principles; every individual has that place in the division of labor for which he is fitted by nature; all people have a time of rest and amusement; the profits of the land are divided equally among the people; all the government is carried on by the people; all men are considered equal. In Utopia husbandry is a science common to all, both men and women. Besides hus-

bandry, each one learns a particular craft. The women have the easier crafts, the men the more burdensome. Bondmen do the "laborsome toil" and drudgery, but the women have charge of the cookery.

Altho all the people have their own work to do, and never sit idle, they have a time of rest and amusement. Their work is divided as follows: six hours work, three in the morning and three in the afternoon; eight hours sleep; and the remainder time disposed of according to the wishes of the individual. More^g explains that people might think that according to his plan little must be accomplished, but when we consider that all the population have tasks, we see that more hours of work are finished here than in any known land. After work is over, they devote themselves, not to worthless amusements, but to profitable play and elevating pleasures. Both men and women desire learning, and are eager to attend lectures. Those inclined to music devote their rest hours to this art. "All spare time is given to the free liberty of the mind, and the garnishing of the same, for herein they suppose the felicity of this life to consist."

As the amusements are equally distributed, so are the profits of the land. All the families bring their works to the common market from which place the father of every household gets what he needs without exchange, money, or pledge. Nor do the men ask for more than they need. "Certainly in all kinds of living creatures either fear of lack doth cause covetousness, or in man only pride, which counteth it a glorious thing to pass and excell others in the superfluour and vain ostentation of things, the which kind of vice

among the Utopians can have no place."

Rights of government are free to all Utopians. All persons are represented. Every three-hundred families choose them yearly an officer called a syphogrant, and these three-hundred syphogrants choose for prince one whom they think most meet and expedient. Nothing is ratified concerning the commonwealth unless it has been debated three days in council before it is decreed, for it is a law that all people must know about proposed reforms before they are voted on.

In Utopia, all men are equal regardless of their power, origin, or wealth. They say, "What natural or true pleasure dost thou take of another man's bare head, or bowed knees? Will this ease the pain of thy knees, or remedy the frenzy of thy head?" Nobility to them means only that "it was their fortune to come of such ancestors, whose stock of long time hath been counted rich, which fortune makes them none the more noble by a hair." Gems and precious stones are cared for only as playthings for children, and gold has such an insignificant meaning that their prisoners' chains are molded from it. The Utopians consider the ideal, a life well divided into work and play, and enjoyed by every individual alike, which dream is realized when an equal distribution of the products of labor is enforced by the government.

The Arcadians, Sidney's ideal people, however, are not bothered with detailed principles of government. Arcadia is a land made beautiful by nature, inhabited by a people of race refinement and simple desires, and ruled by a just and kind prince. There are hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble

valleys whose base estate seems comforted with refreshing of silver rivers; meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; "thickets which, being lined with most pleasant shade are witnessed so to by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds." Not only the land itself is beautiful, but the people also possess a rare physical loveliness. Pelladius stands out as a young man of "bodily gifts, beyond the degree of comparison." The two sisters, Pamela and Philoclea, seem to "be born to show that nature is no step-mother to that sex. Philoclea's beauty only persuades, but so persuades as all hearts must yield; Pamela's beauty uses violence, and such violence as no heart can resist."

The people are blessed not only with physical benefits, but also with "well tempered minds." High thinking and simple living is the basis of their happiness. "Finding that the shining title of glory so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life, they give neither cause nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, so are not stirred with false praise to trouble others' quiet." Even the Muses choose Arcadia for a repairing place and bestow their perfections so largely, that even the poetry of the shepherds is borrowed by other nations." They are a happy people wanting little because they desire not much, a people guarded with poverty and guided with love."

They are governed by a prince with the skill to govern this quiet country and the disposition to win the love of all his people. His laws are just and good, but the training of the people makes laws almost unnecessary. He does not excel in depth of wisdom or largeness of magnificence, but in "truth

of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality." He is a representative of the people, not a ruler, for they obey the call of the beautiful about them and the goodness of their own minds.

Bacon, Mose, and Sidney dreamed of lands able to be apprehended by the senses. Bacon saw man physically perfect by virtue of scientific knowledge; Mose saw him satisfied because of a perfect government; Sidney describes him as made happy by natural beauties about him and his simple, refined ways of living. But Shelley's happy isle can not be comprehended by material sense, and his ideal man is not the external, but the spiritual man, (Prometheus), who by his union with love, (Aria), has dominion over the earth and over himself. Thus Shelley describes his triumph over material nature:

"Man, oh, not men, a chain of linked
thought

Of love and might to be divided not,
Compelling the elements, with adamantine stress;

And the abyss shouts from her depth
laid bare,

'Heaven hast thou secrets? Man
unveils me; I have none.'"

Prometheus (man) is not only re-

leased from his submission to the elements, but he no longer suffers the tyranny of church creeds or state laws. His own conscience guides and controls him. "Thrones are kingless and men work one with the other as spirits do." Truth and sincerity are quite at home in this happy region, and man remains:

"Sceptreless, free, uncircumscribed,
but man;

Equal, unclassed, tribeless, and nationless,

Exempt from awe, worship, degree,
the king

Over himself; just, gentle, wise."

The realizations of many of the visions of these dreamers have become stepping stones on which we are ascending to that ideal land dreamed of by Wilson, the *world* governed by democracy; for the scientific principles prophesied by Bacon form one step by means of which we advance; the rights of every man to have a chance to find himself, the ideal set forth by More, spurs us on; the simple content and delicacy described by Sidney are also essential to the happiness of the world; and the union of man with freedom, truth, and love, sung by Shelley is one of the top rounds towards which we are still striving.

Baby Sis

KATHRYN WILLIS, '21, ADELPHIAN

Something had gone wrong with Baby Sis—something radically wrong. You would have known that by her red eyelids, by her tear-stained cheeks, and by her pouting lips. Where in the world was the little girl with the sunny smile? What made her sit so still on the door step?

Oh, I know. Baby Sis was being punished. She had been made to sit on the doorstep for fifteen minutes without moving because she had run away to the little store that was a quarter of a mile away. Baby Sis was mad with everybody—and her aunt especially; she did not like the place she had to live in. She wanted to die.

And indeed a good bit could be said from Baby Sis' point of view. She had lived with her father and mother in the city where there were many other children and many things with which she might amuse herself. It was her greatest delight to see and hear the noise and hustle in the streets. Her father traveled for a business firm and her mother wrote books. Both of them were so absorbed in their work that they did not pay the necessary attention to Baby Sis, who gradually became very willful on account of their neglect. Her mother never stopped work very long at a time. She could not quit long enough to eat her meals or to sleep. Sometimes she would write feverishly until far into the night. Under such a strain her health was undermined and she had an

attack of nervous prostration. At times she would have strange fancies and at last the doctor said that she was losing her mind.

Physicians tell us that there are many kinds of insanity and that there is little difference between an insane person and a genius. This last was true of Baby Sis' mother. She had always had a vivid imagination; therefore it was not odd for her to loose her mind after her health had given away. She imagined queer things about all that she saw and was always afraid that someone was trying to harm her. Never did she become wild or unmanageable; but she was all the more pathetic when quietly walking about as if in a trance with her slender, white hands clasped tightly in front of her. Sometimes for hours she would sit and think and think and think, without speaking a word to anyone or hearing anything that was said. At other times she would seem her old, bright, cheery self again and a stranger would never have suspected for a moment that there was anything wrong with her mind.

The doctor had advised a complete change; for he said that she needed rest in some nook where there was plenty of sunshine and fresh air. Her husband found an ideal spot, far up in the mountains, where there was a little cottage situated close to the banks of a stream and only a quarter of a mile from the village. It was to this lonely spot that Baby Sis, her

father, her mother and her aunt came to live.

Baby Sis did not like the arrangement a bit. She was too young to understand her mother's trouble and then she could not bear for her aunt to control her. There were no children for her to play with and when she grew lonesome she would run away to the little store in the village, although she knew that punishment was inevitable. This was the reason Baby Sis was pouting that morning. The fifteen minutes that she had to sit on the door step seemed an eternity. One never would have thought that the chubby little girl with the pink dress and the riot of golden curls could be so still and so serious.

Around the corner of the house came a figure—a tall slender figure with hands clasped in front. It was Baby Sis' mother. The coal black hair was combed smoothly back from a delicate, ivory-tinted face. There was not a particle of color in her cheeks or in her lips. The beautiful thing about the sad, pensive face was the eyes—the eyes that seemed to hold all the trouble of the world in their depths. She came on, passing by Baby Sis on the doorstep without even so much as a glance, and then starting down the little gravel path that lead to the gate. Baby Sis called out, but her mother made no response nor showed any signs of hearing. Baby Sis watched her unlatch the gate and start up the road and then she could stay still no longer. Down the step she scrambled and went scampering down the walk after her mother, calling for her to wait, but again she was doomed to disappointment. She ran faster and faster but her mother was already too far ahead for her to catch

up with her. Oh, if her mother would only wait!

The two continued on their journey up the road. On one side of them the stream made a roaring, hissing sound as it dashed its spray over the grey boulders. Now and then one could catch a glimpse of the water thru the rhododendron bushes that grew on the bank of the stream. On the other side of the road one could hear the tinkle of cow bells as the cattle grazed in the pastures. Baby Sis grew very tired. She walked slower and slower but she felt that she just must overtake her mother. She was plodding along watching the dust squeeze thru her toes, when all at once she almost fell over something. It was a long, smooth, stick that lay across the road and had almost tripped her. An idea flashed into her head. Why not take the stick for a horse and ride until she caught up with mother?

Baby Sis' mother turned off from the road and entered a small opening in the laurel bushes. She crept thru these until she came out at a small, cleared place by the water's edge. On the other side of the river the pine trees towered against the sky and the sun made the water sparkle over by the opposite bank. Over there it was shallow but on this side the water was black and deep, shaded by the foliage of the laurel thicket. A huge boulder partly covered with moss and ferns jutted out into the water, while flowers dotted the bank at the water's edge.

Baby Sis' mother stood for a long time gazing at the scene and then began climbing the huge rock. For many minutes she sat gazing into the depths below, thinking, thinking, thinking. Life did not seem to be worth living. What good did she do the

world anyway? Would not the world be better off if she were dead? It all seemed so easy. Just one jump from the rock and she would be swallowed up by the black pool and this earthly hell she was living would be over. She stood up, stretched out her arms ready to jump.

"Oh, mama, mama, you runned away too," a childish voice rang out thru the stillness. Baby Sis' mother turned suddenly and looked in the direction whence the sound came. There stood Baby Sis on a stick-horse, her golden curls tousled and her pink dress torn. Around her the laurel bushes with their waxy pink blooms and their green enamel leaves made a frame for the picture she made. Baby Sis' mother could only stare, while Baby Sis chattered on and on. After awhile her mother began to listen and then, suddenly, with a doubting, wistful light in her troubled eyes, she slid down the rock, and took her child in her arms. It was not long before Baby Sis grew tired of her monologue and began prying into things around her.

"Oh, mama look, look, look!" she cried out in an excited voice, after a short while. A squirrel had crept quietly out from the underbrush with a nut in its mouth; but Baby Sis' cry frightened him, and caused him to drop the nut and run back into the leaves. A gleam of light seemed to dart thru the troubled mind of the woman. Did not the squirrels lay up food for their children? If the squirrel could do that, ought not she, a human being, take care of her child? Baby Sis needed her—perhaps she could be of some use to the world after all.

But the thoughts were interrupted again by this same Baby Sis. This time it was by a handful of flowers that her child had picked down by the water's edge and had tossed shyly over her lap. She picked up the tiny blue flowers and gazed at them. Yes, they were forget-me-nots. She grabbed Baby Sis and hugged and kissed her and said, "No, little girly, I wont forget you."

That night a searching party was organized to find the missing couple. Fires were kindled on the hills; shouts echoed back and forth; now and then a dog bark or a pistol shot was heard. But for a long time the people in the valley waited for the three successive shots that would tell them that the lost ones were found. Baby Sis' father was frantic. He thought it possible that his wife might have drowned herself; but he could not account for the absence of Baby Sis. Until late he had searched and was almost ready to give up hope, when about a mile from home, acting on a sudden impulse he worked his way thru the laurel thicket and—yes, over there by the rock was a bundle of something. He crept up closer and then by the dim light of torch and the mellow light of the golden moon shining thru the net-work of pines on the other side of the stream, he saw two figures huddled together. One was that of a sleeping woman and the other was a sleeping child in her arms. He bent down and gently unclasped the long, slender hand from the wee, chubby one and found a bunch of withered forget-me-nots.

Painting's Part in Civilization

MARGARET LAWRENCE, '20, DIKEAN

It takes a leisure class to develop the power of portraying on canvas the higher emotions of man; for no hustling, bustling, or rushing person can add a single impulse to the progress of art. In order that this portrayal by means of canvas may attain its mountain peak, people who have time to look inward and see what is within, or open their eyes and see what is around, must develop the finer arts for us. Besides the abundance of time, the nervous system of a people or an individual must be educated before there is that finer love and appreciation of higher art. Education in beauty is necessary; for there is an emotional element in art. Take painting as an example: whether people are educated or uneducated, old or young, pictures are an attraction for them; even a child is attracted and entertained for hours by looking at pictures. When we view the finished painting produced thru time, aided by education, there is a feeling of pleasure, colored by each individual taste. Painting, one of the most interesting arts revived during the Renaissance, shows its importance in the progress of civilization because it varies as to time and races.

According to time in the history of race development, taste in painting varies with the increase of intelligence, as shown in the pictures of primitive and educated people. If we take the negro as an example of primitive people, we notice his love for gay, gaudy

pictures with a marked contrast of color. It might be interesting for those who believe in the recapitulation theory to note how close children's most choice pictures compare with the most loved pictures of primitive people. Negroes delight especially in religious pictures and family portraits, a truth which every negro home reveals.

Yet it is still more interesting to see the change that has taken place in the pictures of an educated people like the Italians, who have replaced the gay, concrete pictures of their primal forefathers by one more imaginative and more delicate in theme. With them, the Italians, ideas and ideals are crystalized, with the aid of imagination into characters and scenes which employ a harmonizing color scheme as a means to an end. The observer feels the charms and inspiration of the picture before he becomes conscious of its coloring.

Although a picture reveals the mental stage of both purchaser and creator, it expresses also the dominant interest of a group of people known as a nation. The most striking examples of this are the pictures of the Swiss, Dutch and American people. I do not mean the great mass of minor pictures, but the best paintings produced by the nations. The natural scenery of a Swiss picture, with some little detail to suggest the William Tell story, reveals at once the love of the Swiss for rural life and for their old legends. The strong, robust Swiss delight in

their uneven and rugged landscape, for a peculiar pleasure is theirs when they can behold their cherished legends staged among the snow-capped peaks and green valleys.

Possibly those pictures that portray most strikingly the national characteristics of a nation are the wind-mill scenes from the Holland paintings. They suggest the commercial life which is the dominate interest of the Dutch. The mill necessitates the coming and going of the wooden-shod peasants, and in the meantime, goods are exchanged or placed on ships, waiting to be sent to foreign lands.

The national characteristic least developed perhaps, but all the more interesting to us, is the one of religious tone and nature as suggested in the American pictures. Picture dealers testify to the fact that the great mass

of American people, especially in the rural districts, prefer pictures of a religious nature. From this mass has come our painters who have given us our best pictures, the scenes of which are taken from the Bible, depicting the prophets, Christ and his Disciples, and especially Christ's nativity.

For civilization to go forward, the art of painting must not be neglected. The emotions of a nation, embodied in a painted canvas, is a mirror from which is reflected the height of intellectual growth which that group of people have attained. Pictures serve also as a book in which the dominant activity can be found. After the picture has been created, it must play upon the nervous system, and emotional nature of the people and bring them just a little higher in the scale of civilization.

A-Callin'

MARJORIE CRAIG, '19, DIKEAN

The year's now at Autumn,
The sun's on the grain.
Flow'r dust drifts upon the stream;
The bob-white's a-callin'
And a sweetness kin to pain,
Weaves a border of content into my dream.

For it is a wild thing—
My heart, too's a wild thing—
And wild things are callin' to their own.
Oh winds of the hill land,
Blow 'way across the sea sand
The message I must send unto my own.

The year was at Autumn,
The sun on the grain;
Flower dust drifted on the stream:
But to the bob-white callin'
Came no answer back again
And the border has been ravelled from my dream.

Contributor's Club

Wheels

ARNETTE HATHAWAY, '19, ADELPHIAN

Dizzy! That's me all over, Mabel. Or haven't you thot about it that way? Don't you ever get right numb and have to pinch yourself to see if its really daytime, and *you* that are watching the paporama of life go by so swiftly that half the folks you meet are out of breath, and have to skip a week every now and then to keep up? I suppose folks with a penchant for sketching and somebody else buying their bread will go on painting "idle ships upon a painted ocean," until another of the Hoover species says nix; but I am of the opinion that if Coleridge had been born in 1890, submarines would have cancelled that inspiration of art in the germ. Only on the floor of the great deep have we any idea that ships rest idle these days.

Oh, we've heard about the Civil War all our lives, and what we haven't heard we've read or seen in movies. We've watched the lessening numbers of the "boys in grey," and they were wrapped in a veil of remoteness for us. We were glad, as we gazed, that we had passed the stage of barbarism. Poor old dears! They couldn't help their times. We were even civilized to the

point of reproaching our grandmothers because they didn't applaud when Lincoln's picture was flashed on the screen. The Cuban scrap didn't interfere. We went right on getting more civilized and cultured all the time. The phonograph and radio activity and automobiles and fireless cookers and fly swatters and aeroplanes—and by the time we reached our sophomore year in college, we pitied our grandparents for being such big stiffes, and never inventing anything but one old steamboat that made more racket than a cut-out on a Ford, and one old spinning jinny, and a few other equally trivial trinkets.

And now look at us! Can you beat it? Can you ever keep up with the pronounciation of military and necessary? Poor folks with eighty-five dollar coats and twenty dollar shoes; mail routes in the air; concrete ships; men measured out by the boat load; and about a million things that will be different after the war and will go on being different until we're all dead and can't know anything about it.—Oh, what boobs our grandchildren will think us!

Letters From France

EDITH RUSSELL, '19, DIKEAN

"Romance is dead," asserted the gloomy pessimist a few years ago when the materialism of the age began to assert itself with new strength. "Never more shall the earth blossom under her magic touch, never more shall man woo and maid be won as in the days of long ago; never more shall the carefree vagabond go a-gypsy with laughter in his heart; never more shall poet sing as in the time when Love went a-Maying and Joy had her home in the light of men's eyes; for Romance is dead." And it looked as tho the pessimist were right. Then came the Great War which changed the old order of many things, and re-fashioned the mold of men's lines. And with the coming of the Great War, Romance shook off the shackles of materialism, and crept from the hiding place, whither stern civilization had driven her, and where only the vision-bright eyes of the dreamer, who ever kept his dream in his heart, had perceived her, back to the world that had forsaken her. For Romance is again one of the great realities.

Letters from France! Magical phrase, full of the power that is Romance's alone: the power to call into being once more the brave knight that fights for his lady fair, the gypsy-heart that goes singing down life's sun-flecked highway, the poet that sings notes as true and sweet as the birds and the winds and the whispering leaves. Queer, tattered, much-besmirched fragments many of them are;

some of them written on official-looking paper, enclosed in envelopes printed and stamped and scrawled with many a signature and inscription; some of them written on paper which in itself proclaims that Romance again gladdens the world. One comes written on three yellowed pages torn from some ancient ledger, frayed at the edges, smeared at the lower right-hand corners from much turning and thumbing, numbered at the top in stiff old-fashioned figures. Fancy, led on by the beckoning finger of Romance, pictures the spot whence the pages came, peoples the spot with the quaint, half-forgotten folk of the day when Romance was young.

But what does the letter say? Has Romance returned to the outward world and left the heart of man untouched? What does the letter tell? One beautiful, hope-breathing message does every letter from France reveal: one message that makes of the war a glorious thing, one message, in which faith and hope and love find promise of an earthly abiding place forever—Simple the message is: Man has returned to his love of the ideal. For a great ideal the war is being fought; for a great ideal it will be won. Back to the ideals of youth when the world was young has man found the weary way. Yet, changed are they, these ideals of youth, changed by the passing of years, until they fill and inspire, not the soul of a man, but the soul of a nation—of nations. The soul of the

great world is returning to its love of the ideal; returning, led by the outstretched hand of Romance.

Letters from France! Brave, pitiful, tender, resolute, gypsy-hearted letters, letters like a smile trembling

in tearwet eyes, letters full of the idealism of a world seeking the great Ideal, letters in which Romance, the child of man's soul, awakens anew—Letters from France."

Prophecy

IDA GORDNER, '19, CORNELIAN

I watched it grow all summer long unseen amidst the tangled mass of weeds and other verdant growth along the hedges and the hill sides. Then came those first cool mornings when the air tingled with a hint of Autumn—those first reminders that fair Queen Summer must surrender her throne to the King of the autumnal months. With the coming of these first cool mornings, there burst suddenly upon my vision, as I gazed across my loved countryside, a glorious mass of color. My goldenrod had come to reign as the fairest of September's flowers. Its tall and stately mein, its mass of myriad golden flowerettes inspired me as

I gazed—and a bigger vision came to me.

I saw the harvest fields weighted down beneath their burden of golden grain. I saw the orchards and the vineyards give of their fruit to the filling of Ceres' Horn o' Plenty. With the vision of plenty came the sweet calm of contentment, of peace and prosperity. My acres and acres of goldenrod prophesied the coming of peace, of bounteous harvests, and the multitudinous joys of contentment; inspired me to more noble, reverent thoughts of God, the giver of peace, prosperity, and contentment.



The Rain Storm

PEARL SOUTHERLAND, '20, ADELPHIAN

Hark! A triton's far-off call!
The echo of his voice grows ominous,
A taunting flash! A rumble!
A leaden cloud appears and spreads a pall
Of hovering stillness o'er the earth.
Out from an ebon pole another rolls,
And in the cloud's confine above
Rear battlements of black.
The sibyl of the storm appears!

The grey east roars with driving rain;
The lightnings flash and flash again.
The spectral phalanx onward moves
Steadily passing fields and groves.
The elm tree throws out a leafy arm
And scatters its foliage all to the storm.
The flowers bend, the brushes break
As wrathful powers their vengeance take.
The deluge sweeps the whole country side
And plunges its foot into rivers wide.
Whistling and waiting till fall of night
The rain mews whistle and sea dogs fight.
Grim, howling legions of the dark
Answer a challenge for wartime work.
At last the bold furies have flashed their last fire
And the King of the Trident has drowned all his ire.
Then Jupiter sheathes once again his red rod,
And quiets the thunderers with a nod.

The rain ceases; the last cloud drifts away,
And moonlight streaks upon the watery earth.
A silent star awakens, then dreams again,—
And pales a disappearing cloud with light,
A thousand other tiny worlds beam out.
The limpid pools catch every new-born ray.
From out the dark there steals a calm,
From seething storm there comes a benediction.

Locals

NEW FACULTY

This year there has come to us an unusually large number of new faculty. Those who have been students here we gladly welcome back again. For those who are with us for the first time we wish all the joy and fellowship of our big college family. As we enter upon the year's work it is with a bit keener interest than ever before, for we are sure that they, too, will help us grow.

As head of the Department of Education, Dr. Cook takes Dr. Lesh's place. In addition to obtaining a Bachelor's degree from Miami College, a Master's degree at Columbia, and spending another year at Columbia working toward a Ph. D., Dr. Cook has been county superintendent and superintendent of public instruction in Ohio. He is now teaching Principles of Education and School Management and Administration.

Dr. A. P. Kephart, a Ph. D. of University of Pennsylvania, and also instructor there last year, will teach Secondary Education. He has had extensive experience in secondary and collegiate work in the Middle West.

There are five new teachers in the Training School. Miss Ruth Ewing a graduate of Columbia who has worked in the State Normal Schools of Alabama and Washington, is Primary Supervisor and teacher of Primary Methods.

Miss Nellie Walker has charge of the second grade. She is a graduate of the University of Chicago and has

done successful supervision work in the Wisconsin Normal School.

Miss Lucille Elliott who graduated here in 1912 and at Columbia in 1916 has taught first grade in Salisbury and Rockingham, acted as Rural Supervisor in Richmond County, and supervised summer school teaching at Chapel Hill and here at the College. She has charge of the fourth grade.

Miss Pauline Williamson resigned supervisorship at the Farmville Normal in order to take up her work here. She will teach Grammar Grade Methods and have charge of fifth grade.

Miss Mamie Rohr has also been a supervisor at Farmville, Va. She has a Bachelor's and Master's degree from Columbia, and for the past year has been supervising teacher at the Horace Mann School, N. Y. City. She has charge of the sixth grade in the Training School and will teach Grammar Grade Methods.

Prof. Chas. B. Shaw comes to us from Goucher College, where he has been teaching English. He is an A. B. and A. M. graduate of Clarke University and has taught in the University of Maine.

Dr. Ethel Kanton is a graduate of Goucher and has received A. M. and Ph. D. degrees from Johns Hopkins. She is offering to our students a new phase of English literature—a course in Old English and allied subjects.

Miss Florence Echkart comes to us after having taught in several leading high schools and colleges of the West. She is an A. B. graduate of North-

western University and A. M. of the University of Chicago.

Miss Ravenna Wakefield, a new member of the department of Romance Languages, has a Bachelor's degree from Vanderbilt University, and a Master's from Columbia. She has studied two years in Europe—in the University of Heidelberg, and in the *Guilde Internationale* of Paris, from which she holds a diploma. This past summer she has been assisting in teaching French to Y. M. C. A. secretaries in Columbia University.

Mr. E. S. Garcia, who has charge of Spanish this year comes to us from the Baltimore City College, of Baltimore, Maryland. He is a native of Porto Rico and has received his education in that country and in the United States. He has been teaching Spanish and French in Baltimore for the past six years.

Miss Caroline Schrock, A. M., of the German Department is a graduate of Iowa State Normal School and the University of Chicago. She has had extensive experience in the Western Schools and Universities.

Miss Helen Mayer after taking post-graduate work at Chicago Musical College spent three years in Prague, Bohemia under Professor Sevrík, the world's leading violinist, and one year in Berlin under Professor Press. She will teach violin and direct the orchestra.

Miss Alleine Minor, after a year's leave of absence, during which time she studied at the Boston Conservatory of Music, will resume her teaching of piano.

Miss Tempe Boddie, a 1916 graduate of this College who has been teaching Latin and French in the high schools of Wake County and in Rock-

ingham, is instructor in Freshman Latin. She spent the past summer at Columbia doing special work in Latin.

Miss Irine Templeton is this year instructor in Mathematics. After graduation here in 1917 she taught in the Burlington High School and spent the past summer at Columbia.

Miss Joy Briggs, another graduate of the College, is a member of the Science Department this year and will teach Biology. She acted as Library Assistant during the past year and Summer School.

Miss Blanche Shaffer is the new head of the Domestic Science Department. She is a B. S. and M. A. graduate of Teacher's College, Columbia, where she has taught Household Chemistry and Marketing. She comes to us from Johns Hopkins where she was instructor in Home Economics.

Miss Florence Ferguson, B. S., of the University of Illinois, after work in science at Ann Arbor, Ill., has become instructor in our Domestic Science Department.

Mrs. Caphus M. Waynick, the wife of the city reporter who is now at Camp Gordon, is acting as College Stenographer.

Miss Ruth Woolman, Assistant Librarian, is a graduate of Drexel Library School at Philadelphia, and has spent some time at the University of Chicago and Columbia. As Index and Catalogue Clerk she did war work in the Ordinance Department under the District Chief. She was later assistant secretary to the head of the State Missouri Library Commission at Jefferson City.

Miss Ethie Garrett who graduated here in 1914 has been teaching High School English in Greenville, N. C. She was Library Assistant here this

summer, which work she will continue this year.

The new physician is Dr. Anna Kleegman of New York City. She is an A. B. and M. D. graduate of Cornell University, and from May to September, 1918, worked in the War Department at Washington as contract Surgeon in the U. S. Army.

Mrs. John Ruff is housekeeper at the Infirmary. She comes to us after six years spent at the Presbyterian mission School at Glade Valley, where she filled the office of teacher, matron, and lady principal.

Again we bid them welcome.

BLUE RIDGE DAYS

Did you ever imagine Heaven to be a place of good times, real sports, stiff hikes and fried chicken? No, of course not; but it's true; there is such a place and we found it. We wish we could have packed up a tiny bit of this "land of the sky" and brought it back to you. Way up on the Blue Ridge Mountain side there's a home of happy hearts—those girls who come to the Blue Ridge Y. W. C. A. Conference every summer from the southern colleges to get some of the big ideas from some of the best known men and women of our country, as well as from each other, and take back a broader vision to their Alma Maters.

From the moment the bugle announces the "top o' the morning" until taps, the whole day is brimming over with varied activities: lectures on the numerous religious problems, and on present day movements of world-wide interest; athletics of all sorts, from the exhilarating early morning dips to the hike to High Top, where we cooked our bacon over the glowing

campfire. We have never spent ten more enjoyable days; the pleasures of each day surpassed those of the day before. The fresh mountain air, and the majestic beauty of the surroundings awakened us to a sure responsiveness to the big thots and problems offered us in our courses of study.

They're waiting for us, these good times at Blue Ridge.

OUR TWO-FOLD EMPHASIS

What, with our vacation days abruptly cut short, and college activities re-commenced, could possibly have been so impressive, so helpful, as the splendid talk on Sincerity by our Student Government President, Adelaide Van Noppen? Then to stamp our duty, our responsibility as students indelibly upon our minds, our College President, Dr. Foust, gave us a most forcible talk on Efficiency at Vesper Service Sunday evening, September 15. His speech, when blended with Miss Van Noppen's upon Sincerity, gives us a staff on which to lean during the entire College year.

Paramount to efficiency, in the mind of our president, at this great crisis in the history of the world, naturally came economy, elimination of every non-essential. Last year we accomplished great things, but this year, according to Dr. Foust, we should perform even greater tasks than before by beginning now with our work of frugality. Next to economy came hard work. To our president the loafer is the most despicable of all slackers. Dr. Foust told us that since we were fortunate or unfortunate enough not to be able to do our part on the battle fields it was our unquestionable obligation to do it by hard work at home,

whether it be manual labor or brain work. And last he enforced upon us the need of great joy in connection with our economy and hard work. To him these other things would count for nothing if by doing them we failed to find happiness. He said that efficiency was unachievable without great joy. It is necessary then that we find pleasure in economizing, that we enjoy our hard work if we desire to be efficient. He left us with the inspiration to live capably in order that we may obtain the enjoyment from living that our President so desires.

COLLEGE NIGHT

You remember when you first saw it, page six in the hand book,

"You are cordially invited to attend the Informal Opening Reception given to new students in the Student's Building at 8 p. m. Saturday, September the fourteenth."

You couldn't have missed it, the lettering is different, curly-like.

To new folks it smacks of receiving lines and starchiest dresses. To old ones it means "hewing of wood and drawing of water," literally, racking the brain for stunts that will get across.

After days of being in the "front" lines, after the attacks of the ruthless enemy nostalgia, you are prepared for anything; so when Saturday night, September the fourteenth, arrived it was with a sort of grim fatalism that we waited for the curtain to rise.

The curtain rose, and there was a sudden change in the atmosphere for Adelaide Van Noppen, president of the student body, was speaking. Because she majors in sincerity her welcome was genuine. One girl voiced

the sentiments of all when she said,

"Adelaide makes you glad you are here." Doing away with non-essentials was the strongest appeal; and by telling of the meeting between Billy Sunday and Charlie Chaplin after Mr. Sunday had preached on doing away with non essentials and Charlie had appeared with out his moustache, she "painted a moral and adorned a tale."

There was no need to consult programs to find out that Lucy Crisp, the next to extend greetings, was president of the Young Woman's Christian Association; for the key-note to her welcome was development of all powers: physical, mental and moral. There was no mistaking the all roundness of the association which she represents. The personal touch, of the association came last when she said,

"The Y. W. C. A. is glad to welcome you to our college, glad because of the happiness which will come to you here and glad, too, because like Mr. Whittier's little girl,

'Because you see we love you.'"

Then a mighty sawing of boards and wielding of hammers was heard and the Carpenterettes, who have been helping build the "Y" hut showed to the world that they are not mere whittlers or attractive models for the Railroad Overall Company.

Ah! a familiar scene at home and abroad—a fond mother parading her prodigies' attainments before the world—old as time itself—In this case Alma Mater was exhibiting her four favorite children. Baby Freshman, who like most babies is a privileged character, in a most ostentatious manner took food from the dining room, dressed in forbidden, ornate style for gym, gave vent to lusty wailings dur-

ing study hours and even in this "no man's land" strolled with "Khaki" on the campus. Sophomore "rose to the occasion" but by the end of the year was a withered specimen of humanity. Junior, a most satisfactory child the "Pictorial Review" will testify, because she takes care of little sister, next appeared. Little Katherine Mc-Iver, an ideal little sister, apparently carrying all the childish griefs in the world from stumped, pinkey toes to "seein' things at night" was taken into the friendly circle of the "all round" class and comforted with the assuring song,

"Let me call you sister, little Twenty Two." Then Alma Mater held up her finished product, her oldest daughter, Senior, that all might emulate her most lovely traits. These traits were shown in living axioms; "laugh and grow fat," "pout and grow thin." "fashion and her opposite, dignity and her opposite," "serious and flighty," and "Grace," the envied of us all.

The most cherished part of the evening came for the members of the societies, when Dike, Cornelia and Graechi, and Adelpia appeared; and as the beautiful society songs were sung, each member felt closer drawn to her ideal, and felt too a closer fellowship and understanding with all the members of the sister societies.

Fellowship melted into healthy rivalry when the Athletic Association sent bouncing out its "pep" members. With their yells and songs, they brought the crisp tang of October, visions of the best game you ever saw, flying pennants, and "fans," who have yelled themselves hoarse.

Nothing but the Dramatic Club could have created the mysterious atmosphere which pervaded when the

curtain rose and revealed the stage in total darkness. A bright light flashed for an instant, and Pierrot surprised his audience more than he did Pierrette when he sprang into view, and darted here and there after the winsome little will o' the wisp.

From this mystic scene the spectators were transported to the practical—the earthy—for the farmerettes hove in view, shocking corn with a will that will beat the Kaiser. They hold however that "the laborer is worthy of his hire" and as we leave them consuming the fruits of their labors—watermelon—we hear the appropriate accompaniment to their happy occupation floating out over their freshly tilled fields; and the echo comes back, "Way down yonder in the cawn fiel'."

Then we had a glimpse of the "high brows" as each member of the Magazine staff, from the Editor-in-chief, Edith Russell, who appeared on the de luxe cover to business manager Hilda Loftin who carried the last advertisement on the last page, thrust her "high brow" through the pages of her department; and there was revealed a publication of intrinsic literary value.

Thru all the happy-heartedness of the program, the "great cause" was not forgotten; and the program was made complete when the masterpiece, "The greatest mother in the World," was beautifully illustrated in life, and the "Star Spangled Banner" was sung from eight hundred full hearts.

A happy mingling together and getting acquainted followed the program. When the festivities ceased, the sentiment of the merry party was that,

"In the mud and scum o' things
There Alway, alway, something sings,"
and still the memory lingers.

Exchange Department

The State Normal Magazine extends a most earnest and cordial invitation to all the colleges which have exchanged publications with us in past years, to find their accustomed places on our editorial table. It is our aim to make of our Magazine a vital force in directing the thought of the students of our college during the present year, to publish only those articles which have sufficient worth in themselves to make them thought-producing. We invite and urge from every publication that receives our issues frank,

candid criticism and open-minded, unprejudiced discussion of our contents. In return we propose to criticise the magazines that come to us uncompromisingly, with a view to giving them constructive suggestions that will tend to strengthen their weak points. May we not, in a spirit of friendly cooperation, give to each other the helpful hints that the frank expression of our differing opinions will necessarily entail.

Our exchanges, we welcome you!



STATE NORMAL MAGAZINE

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Mary Bradley.....	Vice-President	Lilian D. Wooten.....	Treasurer

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Eoline Everett.....	Washington County
Carson Yates.....	Union County
Elizabeth Davis.....	Brunswick County

Adelphian

Mary Howell.....	Edgecombe County
Rebecca Symmer.....	New Hanover County
Virginia Walsh.....	New Hanover County
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Jessie Rankin.....	Secretary	Elsie Yarbrough.....	Cheer Leader

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Pauline Green.....	Secretary	Lena Kernodle.....	Cheer Leader
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